

ULTIMATE FALLOUT

SPIDER-MAN NO MORE

MARVEL[®]
ISSUE

3

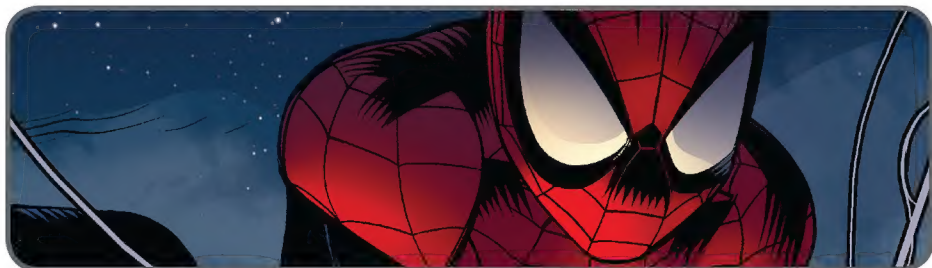


HICKMAN • SPENCER • KURTH • NGUYEN • PAGULAYAN

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The bite of a genetically altered spider granted high-school student Peter Parker incredible arachnid-like powers. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility.



PREVIOUSLY:

Peter Parker died heroically at the hands of Norman Osborn, a.k.a. the Green Goblin, in the arms of his one true love Mary Jane and the woman who raised him, Aunt May.

While Aunt May and Gwen Stacy attempt to cope with Peter's passing, Captain America confesses that he's the reason Peter was killed. Overcome with shock and grief, Aunt May finds condolence from an unlikely friend, J. Jonah Jameson.

The world grieves in different ways, some in explosive anger, and others by taking to the street. But everyone feels a sense of loss and uncertainty, even heroes like Thor, the Norse God of Thunder, and Rogue, a former X-Man now on the run.

Meanwhile Mary Jane Watson plots retribution: revealing to the world how Nick Fury and his team of super heroes are responsible for Spider-Man's death.



ULTIMATE FALLOUT

CHAPTER THREE OF SIX

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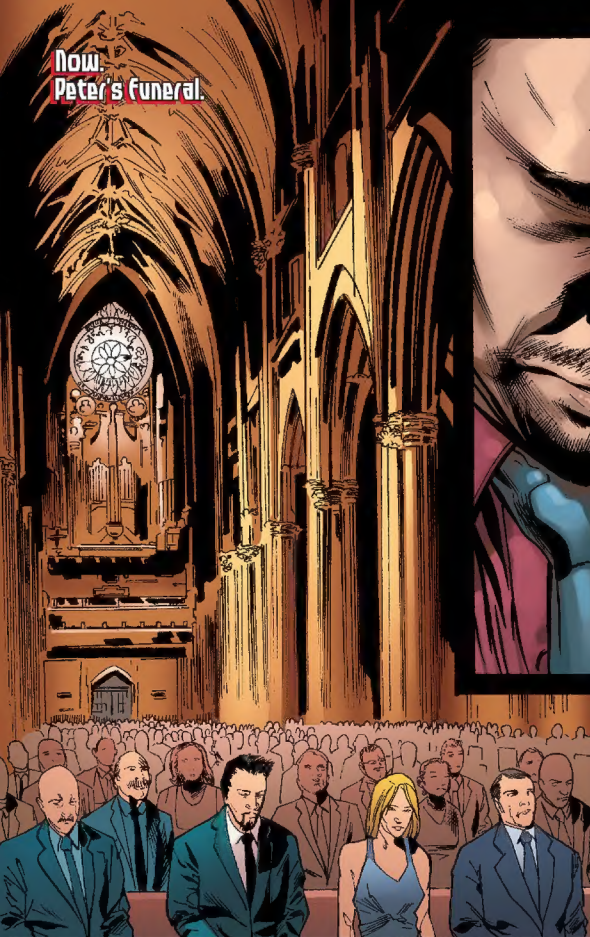
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Thanks to Joe Sabino

Now.
Peter's Funeral.



Four Days Ago.
Gregory's Funeral.

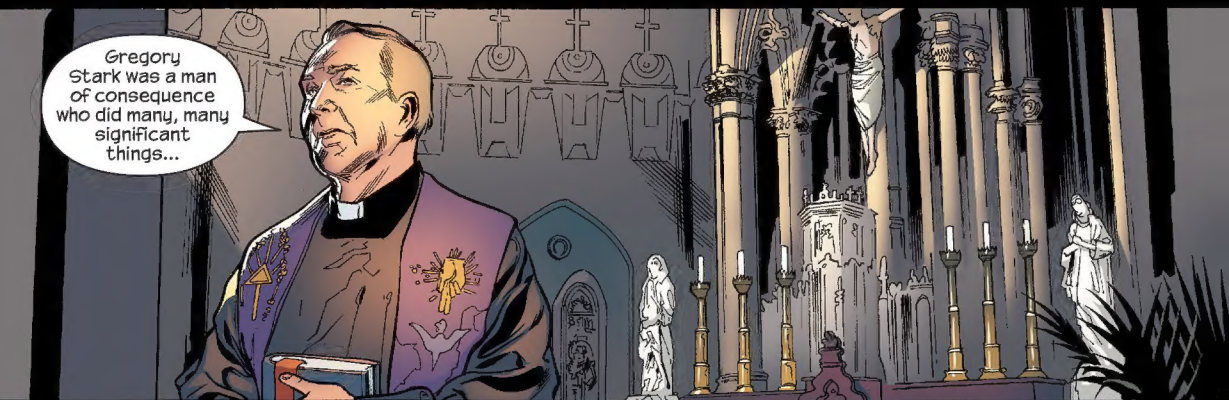
For the fallen there are no regrets. No moments passed by on which to ponder--no more thoughts of what could have been.

All that remains is this:

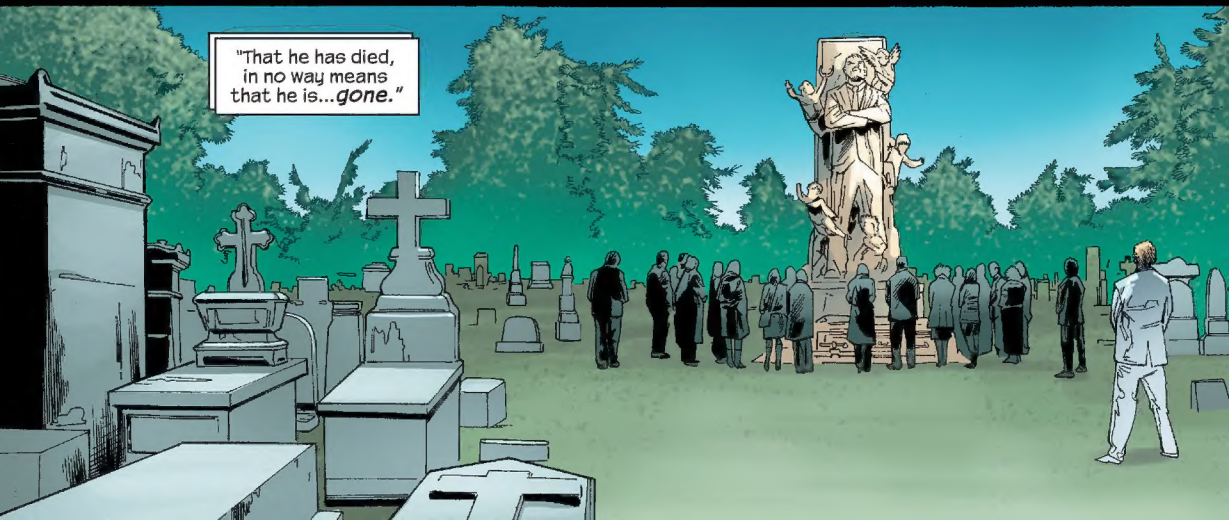
A resonance proportional to the works done in one's life.

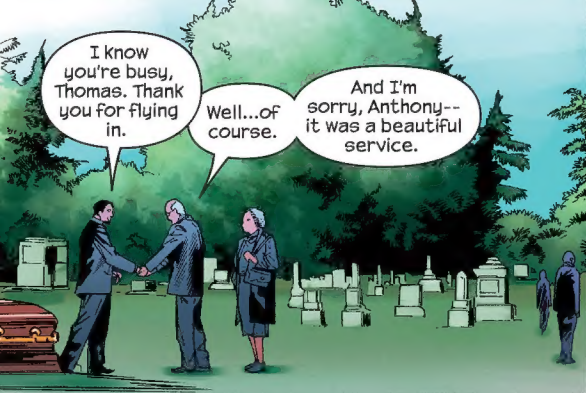


Gregory Stark was a man of consequence who did many, many significant things...



"That he has died, in no way means that he is...*gone*."





I know you're busy, Thomas. Thank you for flying in.

Well...of course.

And I'm sorry, Anthony-- it was a beautiful service.



Well, I must say...



I do think Gregory would have frowned on the cherubs, Mr. Stark.

How dare they fly about while he remains earthbound. Forever.

Excuse me...have we met?



Briefly in Monaco two summers ago. Gregory and I were there on matters of business. You, clearly, at the time *were not*.

I'm Jonathan Blackhaven.



Ah, *the* Blackhaven. Owner of the world's fastest growing pharmaceutical company-- I'll be sure to remember next time.

Thank you for coming, Jonathan. I'm sure Gregory would have appreciated it.

Actually, I'm here on his behalf. It seems your brother wanted you to continue what he and I had begun.



So you're here about my brother's will...

The executor of his estate called me several days ago. I know he left me everything...

I haven't had time to look at existing contracts or...

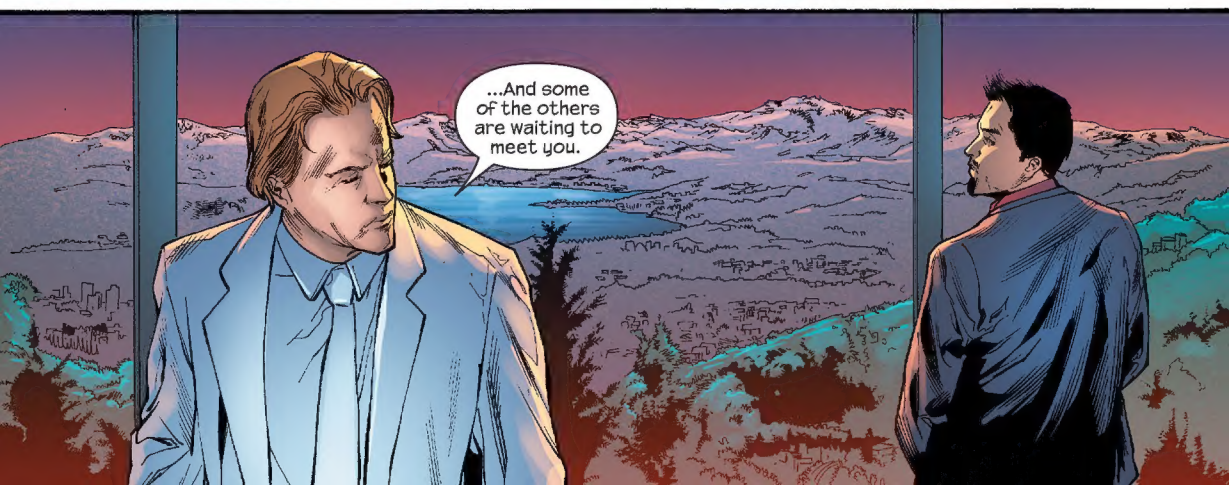
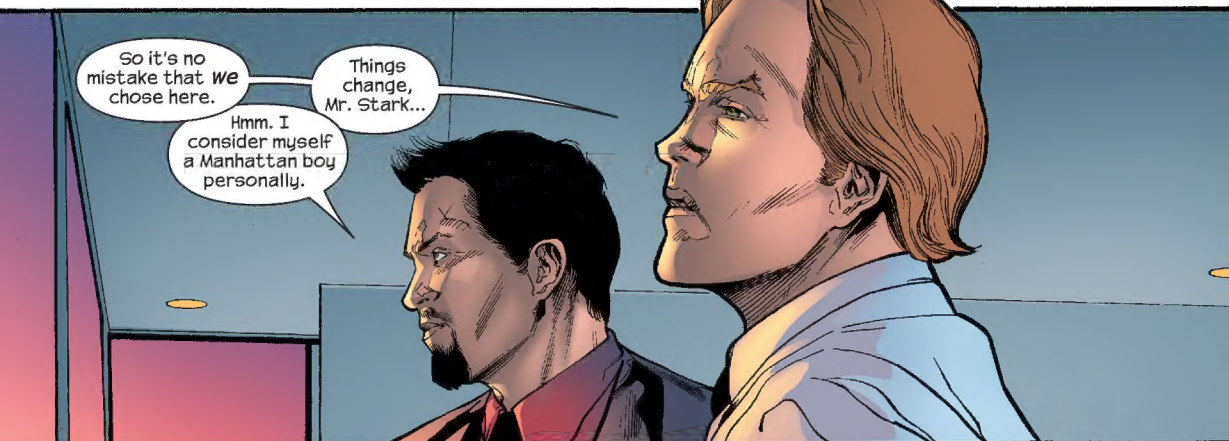
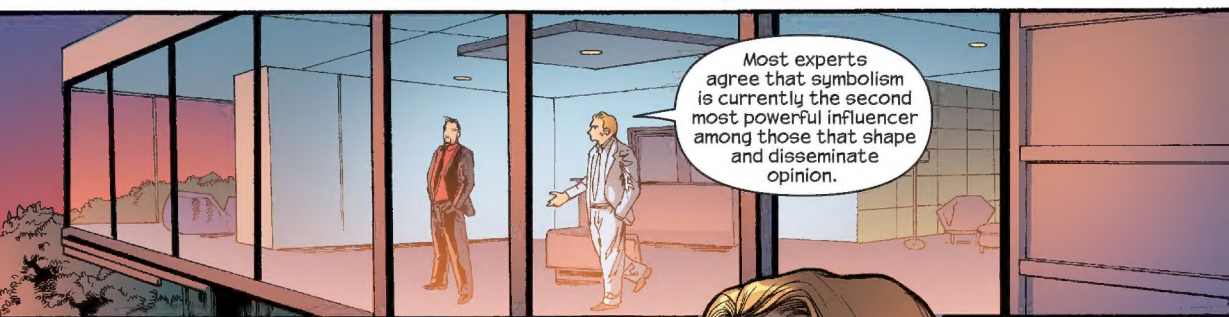


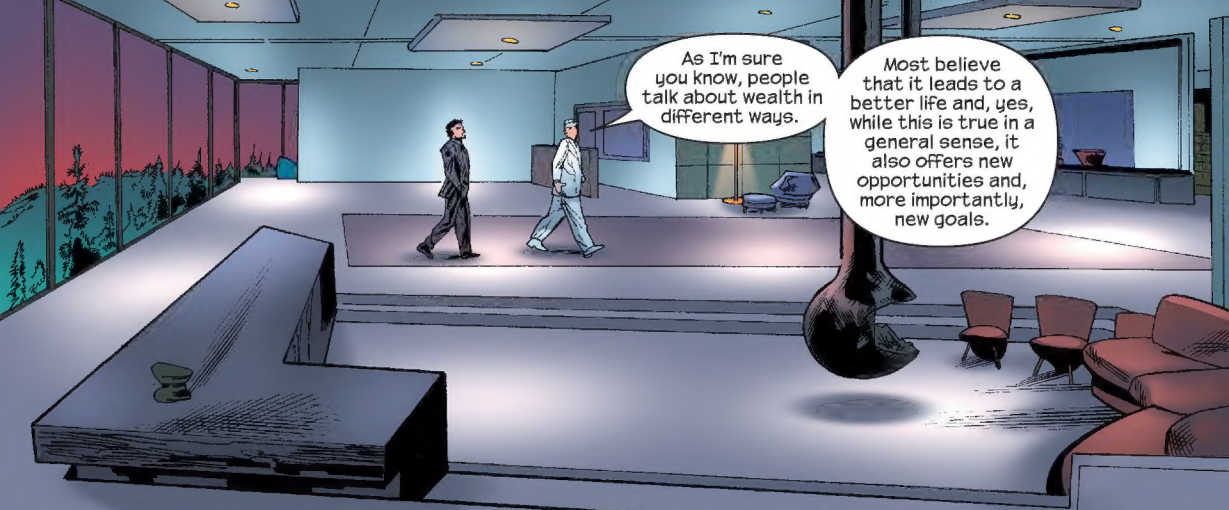
No, no, Mr. Stark. You are talking his *things*-- his money, his property, and on and on...

This is something much more important.

Tell me, how do you like Zurich this time of year?

Zurich,
Switzerland.
Later.





As I'm sure you know, people talk about wealth in different ways.

Most believe that it leads to a better life and, yes, while this is true in a general sense, it also offers new opportunities and, more importantly, new goals.



Mr. Blackhaven, with my brother's estate added to my own, I'm now worth 91 billion dollars. You don't need to explain wealth to me.



As for opportunity: I'm a super hero.

I'm going to assume you have a broader point.



Of course.

The other thing widely believed is that most of the richest people in the world come from old money.

This implies that somehow we didn't really earn the wealth that we have.

That our successes are tainted in some way.



But we know this is a lie, don't we?

Yes it is.



Both you, and your brother, Gregory, were perfect examples of a phenomenon that has cropped up in this, our new global economy.

One that operates at light-speed and never goes to sleep.



You are part of the super-elite.



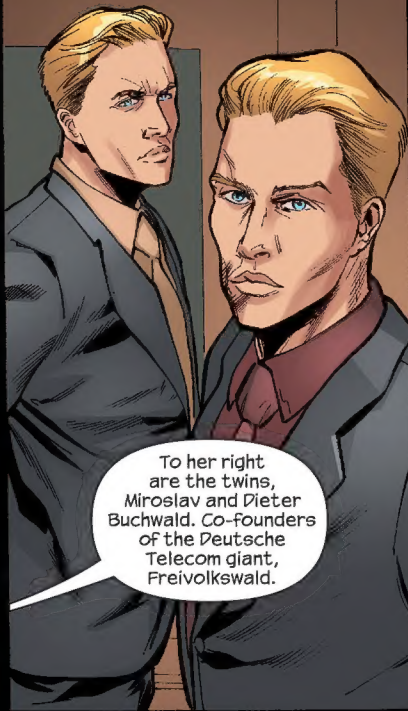
And so are we.

This is La Contessa Valentina Allegra de la Fontaine. Chairman of the OXE Group, which just happens to currently be the largest holding company in the world.

Ciao, handsome.



To her right are the twins, Miroslav and Dieter Buchwald. Co-founders of the Deutsche Telecom giant, Freivolkswald.



Ming Xiang is the face of HKpec. A multinational oil and gas corporation that is also the second largest refiner in the world.

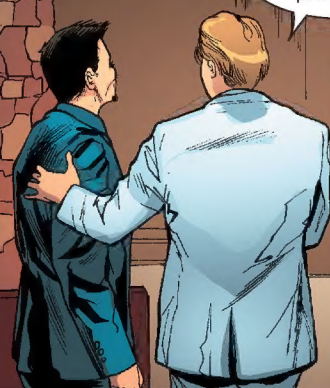


And I'm sure you know of Damon Dunn. He was the youngest billionaire in history by the age of seventeen.

Now at twenty-one he is the fourth wealthiest person in the world. All thanks to his creation of the DNA-based processor.

Just wait until they become affordable.

Hiya, Tony.



Hello, Damon, this crowd can't be all bad if you're involved...

Should I read anything into being passed over for my brother? I think I might be offended.

I lobbied pretty hard for you at the time, but that's not a concern now.

Allow me to formally offer you an invitation to join the *Kratos Club*.



Earlier I mentioned the super-elite...well, all of us here--along with 50 of our carefully selected friends--have started a little project...

And when I was talking about wealth earlier, it was to make a point.

And that comes with what? A smoking jacket?





All of us are first--or, in the rarest of cases, second-generation success stories. Our parents didn't give us this...

We earned it by out-thinking, and out-working everyone else.

If you're honest, don't you have more in common with us than with your countrymen back home?

The point is this... we've decided to start being influential...

Collectively.



Oh, I see...market manipulation. Scarcity control. Targeted valuations...

No, we're rich enough. We mean to use our influence to ensure that the right things get done. No matter what. No matter who gets in the way.

And who decides what's right?

The people who have earned it.

The people in this room.



I don't know what you expect me to do here...



We expect you to make the right decision.

What else are you going to do, Tony? Spend the rest of your days dodging bullets until one finally hits you?

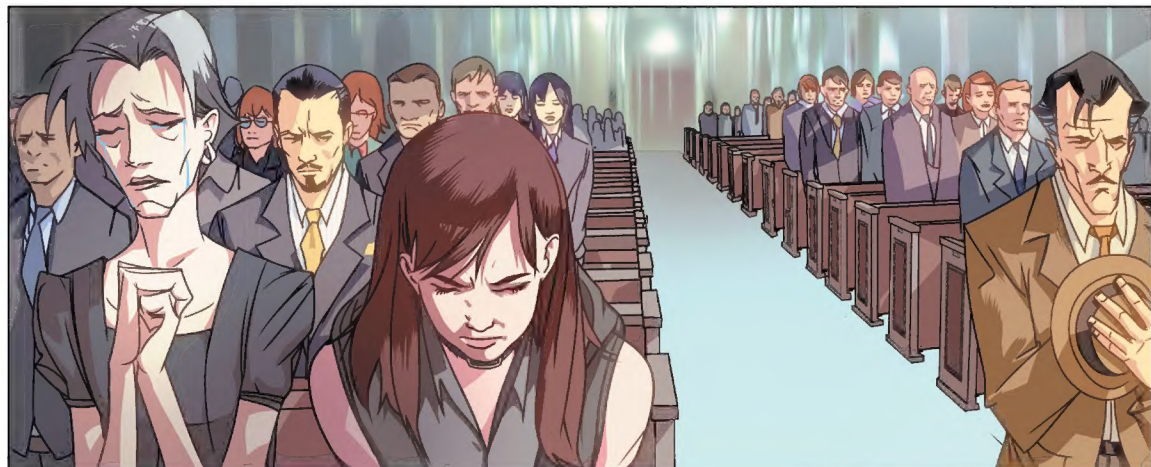
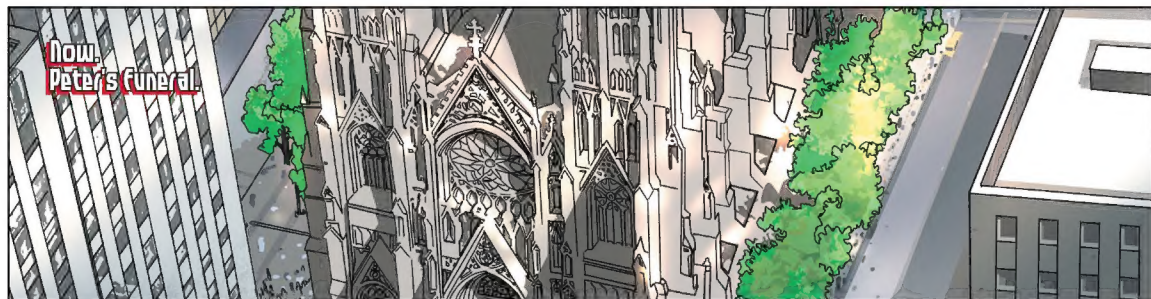
For what? For ego? For celebrity?

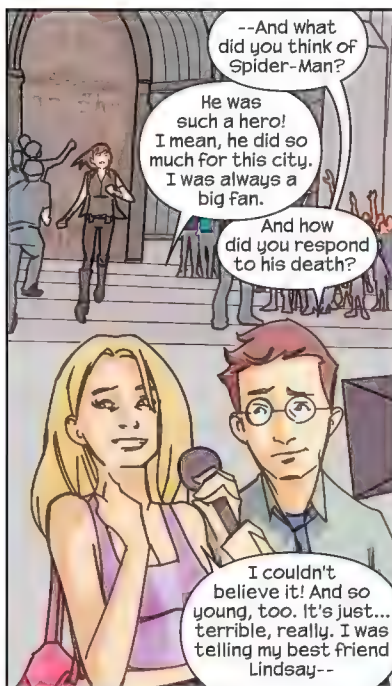
You're too smart to die playing super hero.

So...



"...What's your answer going to be?"







They're
disgusting.
All of them.

My friend--somebody I
loved more than words can
describe, is dead in there.
He's *never* coming back.
And what are they doing?

Putting
on a show.



All *Peter* ever
wanted to do was
the right thing--

And all *they* ever
did back was try to hurt
him. The whole time, they
shot at him and called him
names in the paper and
tried to arrest him--



Now they want to stand there
and tell everyone how great
they thought he was, what a
hero they thought he was?

It's sick.

Just a bunch of
people trying to
make themselves
look good in front
of a camera.



'He was a kid,
I didn't know.'

Because *you* never
bothered to ask. You
were too busy hitting the
gym or shopping or watching
TV. Trying to sell more
newspapers or running
your stupid little *secret*
missions--

Bottom line, you
never cared about
him. If you really
did, well--



If you did,
then he wouldn't
be *dead*.

And the worst part of this is, they're all acting like this changes everything! Like he's going to *inspire* them or something.

This doesn't change anything.

Peter would tell them to stop fighting each other. *Peter* would tell them to stop hunting mutants. To stop hating someone just because they're *different* from you.

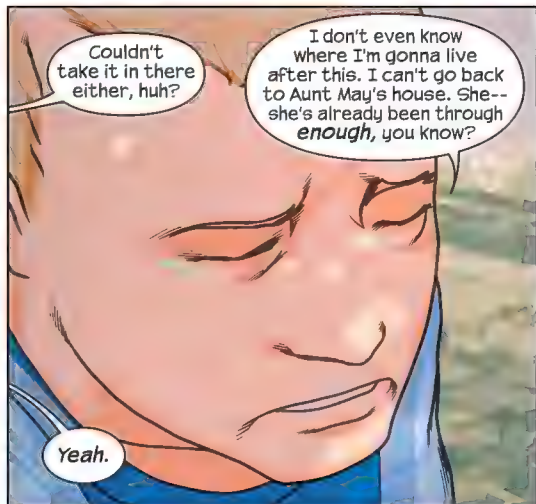
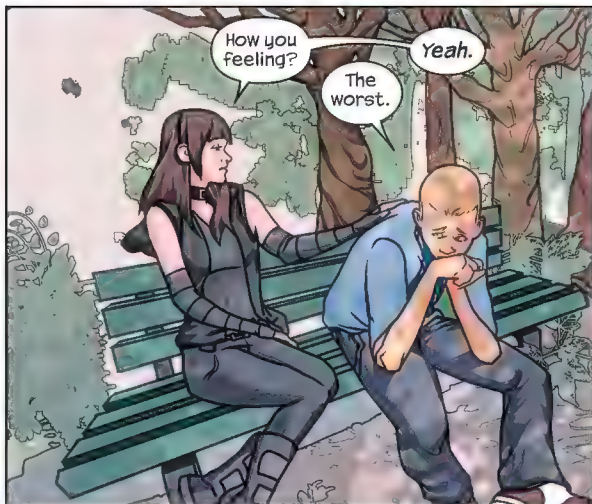
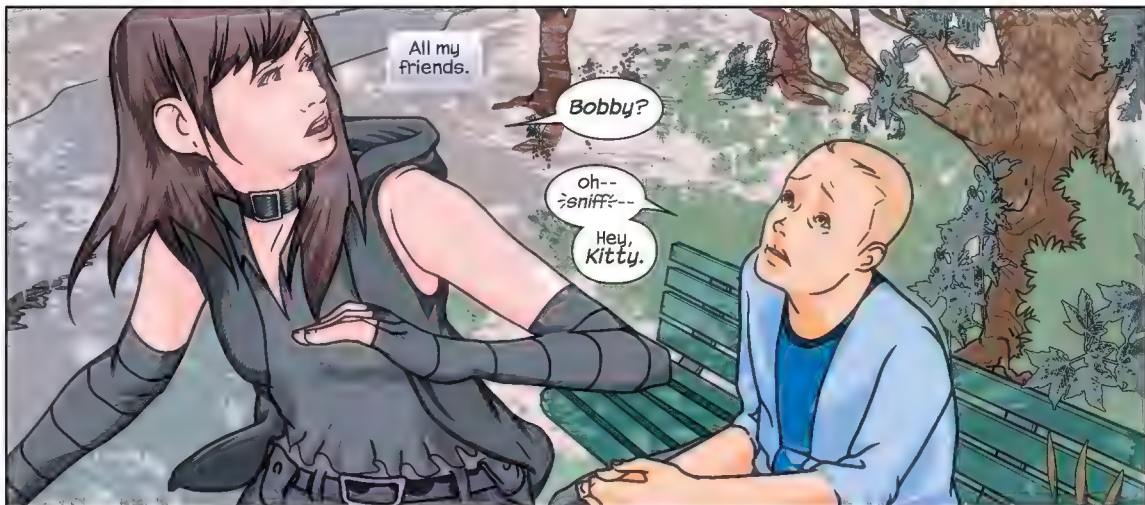
But *NO*, they don't wanna stop doing any of that, do they? Might hit their bottom lines, might cost them some votes. They just want a martyr to trot out when it's convenient for them.

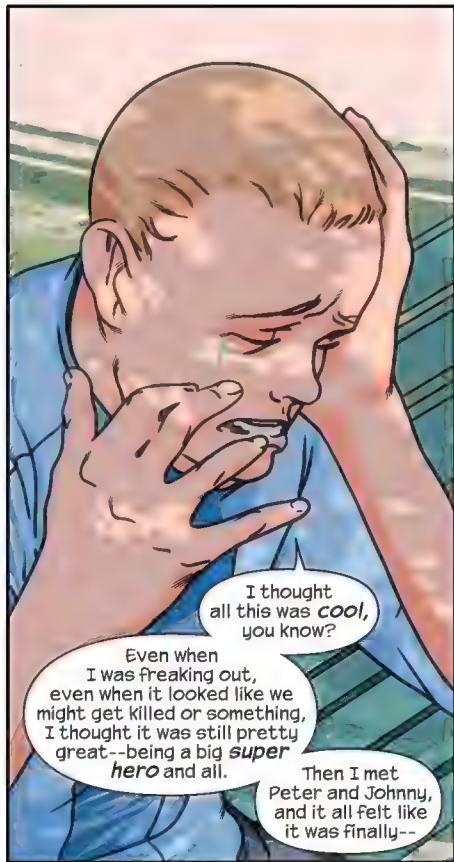
See, nobody wants a living hero--they might say or do something people don't like--or maybe just remind them of all the things *they're* not.

Dead ones are way easier to deal with. You get to look like a good person by talking about how *sad* you are. Maybe you get to point a finger at someone else and say *they're* to blame for it.

So, *me*? I'm done trying to be a hero. I know *Peter* would probably tell me how I shouldn't give up, how I should always keep trying, no matter what.

But I can't give them what they really want. I don't *wanna* die. I want a nice, *normal* life. I wanna go to college, and be with my mom, and hang out with--





I thought all this was *cool*, you know?

Even when I was freaking out, even when it looked like we might get killed or something, I thought it was still pretty great--being a big *super hero* and all.

Then I met Peter and Johnny, and it all felt like it was finally--



It's *not cool*, is it?

It just *sucks*. We're gonna keep running, 'til they find us again, and they lock us up somewhere and do tests on us 'til we die. That's what's gonna happen, isn't it?



Kids like us, we don't get happy endings.



Maybe, *maybe not*. Listen, Bobby, I--I know this place. A *safe* place. Where they can't find mutants. No matter how hard they look. I was heading there after the funeral.

And--okay, well--you can come with me, if you *want*.

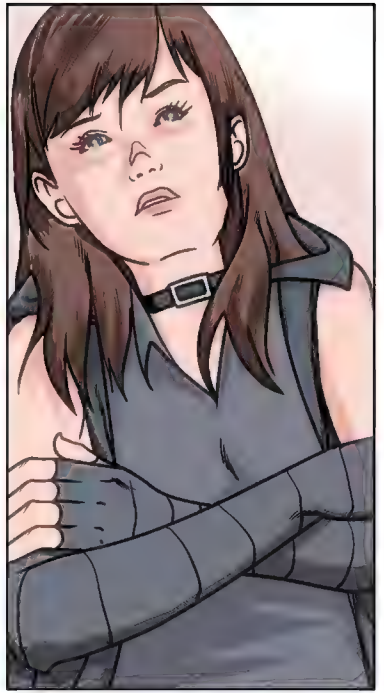
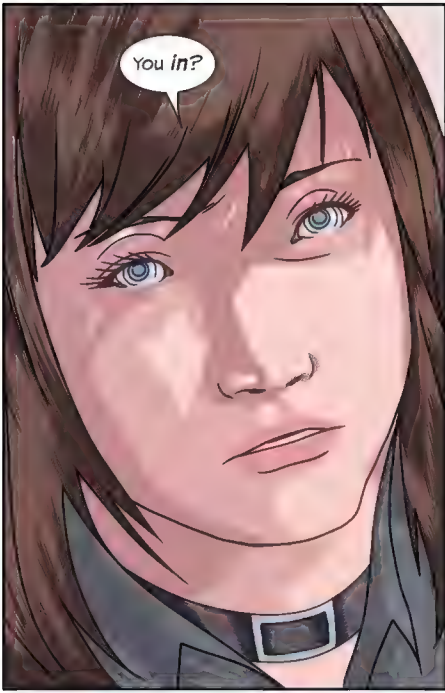
Seriously?

Yeah, *seriously*. But if you *do*, here's the deal--



No more super hero stuff. No more saving the world, no more putting on costumes and beating up bad guys, no more using our powers in public even--none of it. *No exceptions*.

We keep quiet, we keep our heads down, and we keep *breathing*. You can't do that, you can't go with me.



Two
Weeks
Ago.

Imagine
an ocean at
peace.

This is the
uncommon
state of man.

Now
imagine a raging
sea. A furious
storm drowning the
sturdiest of
vessels.

This is
how things
are.

That you are
angry makes you
normal--just like
everyone else.

I don't
think 'Hey man,
you're just an
ordinary guy'... is a
solid foundation
on which to build
an effective
argument,
Karen.

I'm just
pointing out
that you can't
eliminate the
emotion...

Control is
going to have
to come from
somewhere
else.

So, Bruce,
let's start at
the beginning...

Do you
remember the
first time you really
lost control of your
temper and became
something else?

Yes.





And do you remember exactly what it was that triggered it?

The episode...

You becoming the Hulk?

You know I've tried this several times.

Tried what?

Therapy.

People like you trying to manufacture an emotional response.

You should know that it usually ends with the therapist's head either smashed in or located somewhere in the monster's belly.



Oh, that's not what I'm doing, Bruce.

In fact, this has very little to do with you at all.



Whuzzzat? I'm... I'm...

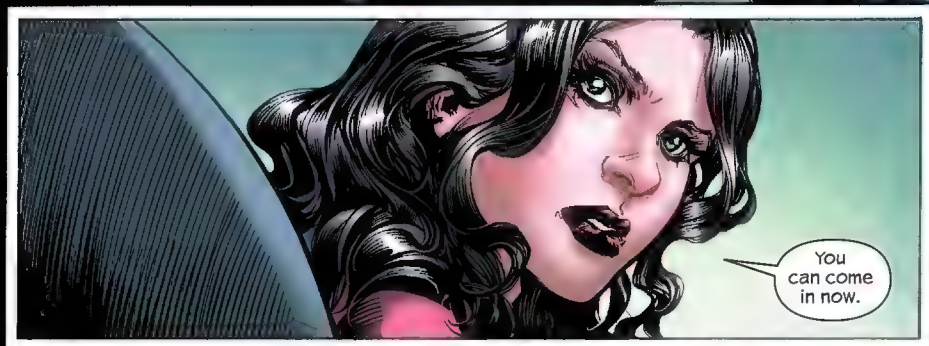
I'mmmmm...



An ocean at peace. An ocean raging...

Just a baseline as I stroke your sedated lobes.

This is about my control, Bruce.





You sure this is safe... because, I gotta tell you, about half my nightmares have this %*#@ in them.

Don't even think about it.

I could take care of that for you.

So...we cool?

No... we are not.

Each time we try this it takes twice as long as the time before.

The phrase "highly resistant" comes to mind.



Well, young lady, means we have a problem.



I need people I can use--pieces to be put in play.

I've offered you and your friends protection with the understanding that it comes with a price.

So...can you control Banner or can't you?



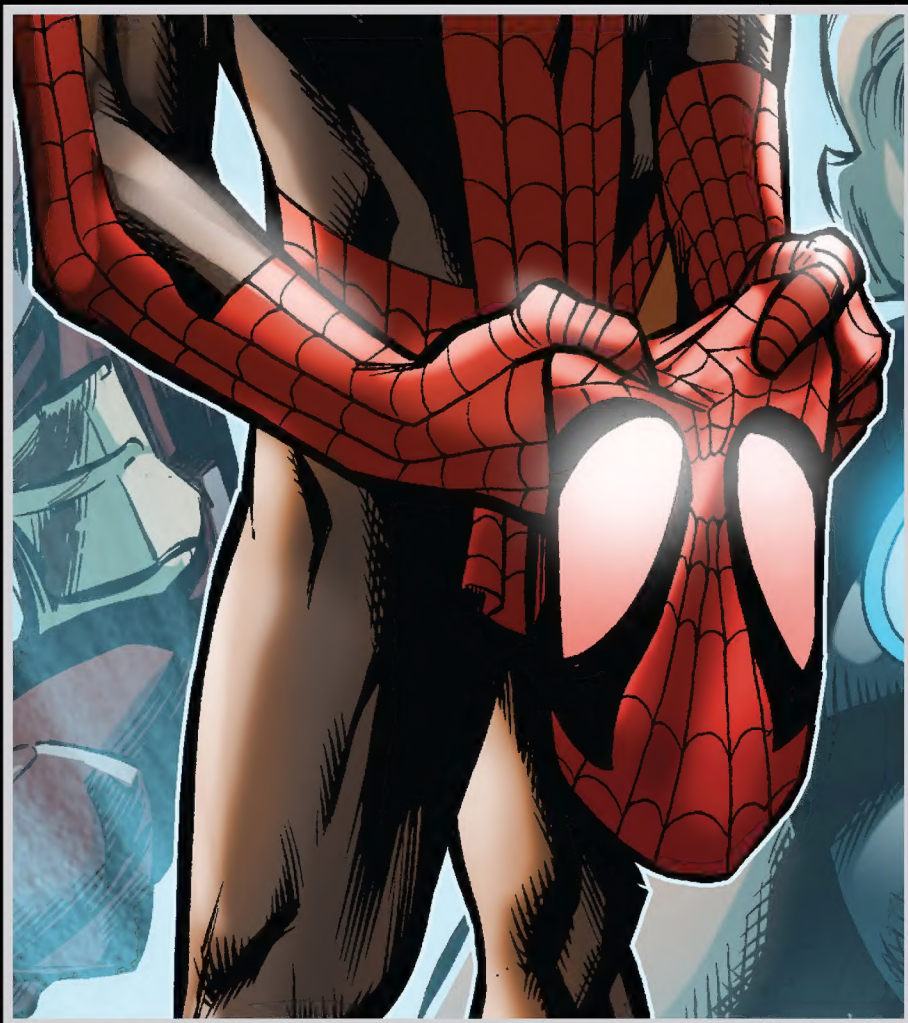
I can.

All right then.

Keep a bag packed. You'll be hearing from me soon.



NEXT ISSUE



WHO WILL WEAR THE MASK?

2025

